

FD Deleted Scenes

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FD Deleted Scenes

by [HaroThar](#)

Summary

Where I'm planning on putting the deleted scenes/tidbits from From Darkness. There were some ideas I had that I liked, but didn't really... flow with the main fic.

Notes

First deleted scene: Ranboo accidentally sneaks up on Technoblade, a battle-hardened warrior, and gets hurt

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Ranboo's master was in the mines. His other master, Philza, had requested Ranboo bring Technoblade inside for—he'd forgotten already. But that was okay! That was okay, because Ranboo remembered he needed to bring Technoblade inside, because Philza wanted him there, and that was the important information, and he'd been very quick about getting his coat on nice and quiet and getting out here. He'd even found the mines after not too much spuddling, which was nice. He didn't want to waste his masters' time.

Okay, okay, now where was Master Technoblade? He was sure he knew. Um. Okay, let's see. Philza had probably told him. Had he written it down? He snuck a quick glance at his memory book. No, okay, that was stupid of him, he should've written it down, if he'd told him. And if not, he should've remembered to ask, even though asking would make him annoying and needy. Wasting his masters' time just made him annoying and useless, and, he didn't want to be that, not with these kind men.

Oh! The sound of a pickaxe! Okay, okay, so Ranboo would just, follow that? He lightened his steps so he could hear the ringing sound over the noise of his own feet, going down a crude staircase he didn't recognize (not surprising, given how rarely he could recognize any of his surroundings). Oh, and right there, there was Technoblade, good, that was good, Ranboo wound up just right behind him, good, he let out a little Ender vocalization.

He barely got his arms up in time, the sword lodging itself in the bones of his forearms and sending pain like Ranboo had rarely experienced shooting through him. He wailed, his knees caving, and went down hard, arms spouting blood from his wounds but held feebly up over his face as he curled in, mind scrambling to protect himself because surely this was where he *died*.

A hissed word Ranboo couldn't make out over his own screaming, his mind a white blank of fear, of renewed pain, of cowering at the feet of his master who he'd disobeyed, he'd been bad, he'd been so awful and wretched, this was what he got. He deserved this. Even through his wailing and the pain, he knew that he deserved this.

His body jerked at the touch of a large hand against his back, then another on his legs, and he couldn't feel the hurt over the agony of his arms but he knew it was there. Unfelt for his adrenaline and the eclipsing pain located elsewhere, but he would find bruises or cuts or possibly even burn marks there later, and he wept for that as well, for that fear, for that belated pain that he would ache with eventually.

Words were being said. Loud. Orders. His master who held him like he weighed less than nothing was giving orders and he, useless, vile thing that he was, could not hear, did not listen. He would be punished for that, too. Perhaps he would use the notches carved into Ranboo's bones to snap them easily the rest of the way. Perhaps Ranboo had been useless one too many times, and if he could not justify the keeping of his hands, he would lose them entirely. Maybe his master was dragging him to the punishment room, dark and silent and empty and cold, to bleed until the wounds dried and scream himself hoarse. Perhaps it would be the whip.

Ranboo would deserve it.

He deserved this.

His arms hurt so bad he couldn't think. Blood was everywhere. He was distantly aware that he was ruining the nice coat he'd been given, bleeding all over it like he was, wretched thing that he was. His arms hurt. He was crying. His face would hurt later, for that. His throat, too, from wailing. He was cold. He heard something slam, his wail pitching up with magnified fear, and shuddered when something clattered against the floor, and he was laid on something hard, and his masters' hands were on him and the coat was off and no, it would be burning, they were splashing water on him, on his arms on his bleeding arms on—

He gasped, then keened, as the magic took hold. He curled in on his side, arms tight against his chest, smearing blood against the wood beneath him and the pain receded, pink glowing as the potion sank into his bones, knitted the muscle back together, stopped the blood and stitched his skin. Two thin marks, wounds there hadn't been enough potion to fix, marked his arms where previously massive gashes had marred him, and finally the pain of his face started to register.

"I'm—sorry," he hiccupped, hugging himself tightly and daring a glance at his masters, an empty bottle held in each man's right hand. He weakly tried to move himself, his foot doing little more than skidding across the table—he was on the table, Technoblade had put him there, and he didn't understand what was happening, he was confused, the pain's absence leaving him addled, but he knew he was sorry. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry sirs, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sor—"

"Ranboo, shhhh, hey," Technoblade hushed, setting the bottle down and rounding to the head of the table, to Ranboo's head, making him flinch, making him try to curl in tighter, but the hands on his shoulder and face were gentle. Warm. "*I'm* sorry. I'm sorry I hurt you. I didn't mean to do that; *I'm* sorry."

"I, I," Ranboo choked on a wet noise that turned into a weak cough. "What—happened?" He couldn't remember. All he remembered was that he felt so, so sorry.

"You caught me off guard," Technoblade said, but it wasn't accusatory. It was gentle, as out of place as that seemed in the current situation. He slipped a hand underneath Ranboo's side, another under his legs, and Ranboo found himself lifted off the table and cradled against Technoblade's chest. He eagerly leaned in against his master, arms still held against his chest, and buried his face in the fur at Technoblade's neck. "I was mining and you got behind me without me noticing. I thought you were a mob that had snuck up on me, and I attacked you."

"I'm sorry," he whimpered.

"Not your fault, I must've zoned out or something." Ranboo found himself getting set gently down on the couch, Technoblade dragging a blanket off the back and settling it around Ranboo's shoulders. He clutched it gratefully, wondering at the fact that he seemed to still have full mobility in his hands, even after all that. The scratches felt the motion, but no more than if Ranboo had been *actually* scratched, not heavily wounded and then healed. Powerful stuff, magic.

"Not your fault, but we need to make sure that never happens again."

“Y-yessi—”

“I could have killed you.” The statement made something turn sour in Ranboo’s gut, a brief wave of vertigo hitting him. “We are all very lucky I didn’t. It’s not your fault, but I am a dangerous man and you *cannot* be sneaking up on me, even on accident.”

“S-sorr—”

“Hush.” Ranboo snapped his mouth shut with a click of his fangs. “From now on, if you’re approaching me from behind, *especially* in a mine shaft, you need to call out my name while you’re still well out of arm’s reach. Okay?”

“Yessir.”

“Write it down.”

“Y-yessir. May I, um, write the rest, down, too, please?”

“Of course. Just make sure you note that you have to call out to me before getting close.”

“Yessir, of course, yes, thank you,” no, thank you wasn’t the right phrase here, “I’m sorry.” That wasn’t it either. A warm hand cupped his cheek.

“Deep breaths.”

Ranboo sucked in breath, his memory book held between shaking hands.

“Do you remember what you’re writing?”

“Call out to you. Don’t surprise you. Don’t sneak up on you.”

Technoblade nodded, and Ranboo felt a spark of warmth at his approval. He’d been good for his master. His master had nodded at him. Ranboo opened his memory book and wrote down what he’d been told. He was good. He wasn’t going to sneak up on his master ever again. He wrote down what happened. Somehow, reviewing the words themselves gave him the impression of a mine shaft, of a turned back, it was easy to connect the dots and imagine the strike that resulted in the pain. Had Technoblade struck him with his pickaxe? No, it must have been with a sword, a pickaxe wouldn’t leave wounds like these.

Ranboo wondered if they would scar. He closed his memory book and brushed a hand over one of the thin cuts. Shallow. Mostly healed. Gifts, really. Gifts from his master.

End Notes

As ever, comments/concrit/your Thoughts™ are appreciated <3

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